NATURE AND HER CHILD.

Taylor, in Good Words. At dawn she sent him a bird,
Which lured from slope to slope,
Such singing never was heard,
The bird was Hope—
Hope was the bird.

A star at twilight she sent Which shone and filled from afar His soul with peace and content. Hope was the star, The star was Hope.

IN THE FIRST PERSON.

BY MARIA LOUISE FOOL.

XVII.-(Concluded.)

THE WHOLE STORY. She opened the hand which had been holding

her cloak together; from it there fell a crumpled bit of paper which I picked up.

"Read it," she commanded; "read it aloud." "Mrs. Olive Hidreth now living with her mother at Rue -- No. 17."

I gazed at the words after I had spoken them. I did not know what they meant; but they must be charged with something terrible.

"Olive Hildreth!" I repeated in a half-whisper. And I waited, for I was not ready to ask ques-

"I will be as brief as is possible," went on Miss Runciman. "I don't believe much in explanations. And you need not try to act as if you were not moved, as if you did not suffer; spare

"It is nearly five years since my nephew married Olive Jewett. Dear Billy, don't try to be a stole, please. No matter who Olive Jewett was, The marriage was very displeasing to Vane's friends, and they let him know it. He was furlously indignant, flounced off to Europe, with his bride, and swore he would never mention her to me-particularly to me, because I was more angry with him than any one else. That was a kind of silence that I could very well bear, and I sided it by declaring that I would not listen to

ation concerning Vane's wife. "in six months they were tired of each other. I will say that Olive Jewett was a chorus singer to whom men had made love, but whom nobody had married. Vane got it into his head that was a lovely creature who had been much traduced, and he thought he was in love. Some of her relatives in the wine business have a house in Bordeaux, and Olive took up a residence there with her mother. They considered that Olive had done very well, for Vane made his wife an allowance that left him with very little

money, indeed. "Perhaps he was doing penance for his folly in marrying her by thus sending her so much. Mind you, no one tells me anything of the Jewetts-I mean that neither Vane nor his sister give me any information. But a friend of mine, visiting Bordeaux this last spring, wrote to me that Olive was dangerously ill of a fever. Later, this same friend, then in Paris, wrote that she had heard that Olive had died. That is the last I have known, and since neither Vane nor Bashy spoke of Olive, you may be sure that I did not; no way was the girl a pleasant subject. Vane's marriage was never alluded to in any manner. I thought of it when I saw that Vane was attracted to you, but I confess that I gave no serious attention to the fact. I was absorbed in other things. But I did give you a casual warning. To do more than speak casually seemed to me to emphasize matters too much.

When you told me yesterday that you and Vane were married, the first thing I thought of doing was to send direct to Bordeaux to the address my friend had given me. This is the answer. You see that girl did not die. Such people don't die-they live. It is others who die. You have followed me, Billy?"

Miss Runciman turned toward me now. But I

withdrew further from her. So Vane was married. While he was writing me these letters he knew that he had a wife living. He knew it; and yet he wrote like that. And he knew it when he had pleaded with me on the train. I had old-fashioned ideas. I had been thinking of this man as a man whom I had every right in the world to love. "Billy," said my companion again

I did not make any response. It did not seem to me that there was anything for me to say. That was fortunate, for I could not speak. Just

I longed to get away, but I still dared not rise. What if I should fall down there at Miss Runciman's feet? What strange people there were in the world!

My mother had dreamed that I was in danger. Did she guess this? No, she could not by any

possibility guess this. This was too dreadful for her to think of. Oh, if I only could get upon my feet and walk away to my own room!

I hoped that Miss Runciman would not speak again now.

But she did speak, and I tried to listen and to distinguish what she said. The words had no sense-I could make nothing of them. And presently the light seemed to go out of the sky. When I could see and hear again I was on

mother's bed in her room, and Mr. Dreer was putting a cold wet towel on my head. His wife was citting on the edge of the bed holding my hand. She uttered some kind of an exclamation. At first I thought only of her, and that for some reason she had fainted. "I suppose you were a little faint," she said

soothingly, "and Robert brought you in here. You'll be all right in a few minutes." "Then it wasn't you who fainted?" I asked.

I did not yet remember anything; but before she could reply, all that she had been telling me came back with burning distinctness. I tried to sit up, but I fell back again. I despised myself for having swooned; I had never had such a thing happen to me before. I had had a contempt for a girl who could be so weak.

"You may leave us now, Robert," I heard Miss Runciman say, "but be within call." I turned my head on the pillow. I longed to

have this woman go away. I wanted to be alone; I must be alone soon or these rushing. fiery thoughts would unbalance my brain; and presently mother would come, and what should I do then? She would have to be told. How thoughtful I was that the neighbors did not know-that they could not talk about it. Yes, even then I could be thankful for such

a thing as that. And there was Vane's last letter in my pocket. As soon as I could I must destroy that letter and all the others.

But no-a dreadful horror came upon me a thought of such a ceed. Part with those letters? I tried to sit up; I tried to cry out some thing incoherent. And then it came to me that I was behaving like a weak, hysterical woman. I succeeded in getting a partial control of my-

back. When I had finished she drew a long

breath. "I have heard of worse things," she said. "Worse things," I cried, "and I love him! I

suppose I love him!" I was surprised at the reief it was to me to

be able to say those words aloud to my com-panion. She smiled; then she kissed my check. "If you were a perfectly well-regulated young person," she responded, "your love would have died the moment you learned that Vane had deceived you.

deceived you.

I meaned a little as I heard her speak thus, and I found that it was also a relief to mean. I knew perfectly that I had never been a well-

regulated young person.

But I was not going to lie there and make my moans. I sat up resolutely. I pushed back the hair from my face. "Wait one moment," said Miss Runciman, com-

I turned toward her. What more was there

"Give me your word about one thing," she said. "Promise me that you will go to Paris in the early fall and go on with your studies. Don't you see that the hand of Providence, if Don't you see that the hand or Providence, if there is a Providence, in all this is clearing the way for you? You go unhampered. That hur-ried marriage on the train will soon seem even more unreal than a dream. Conce, give me your

Her manner, her tone, stirred me even more than her words. After an instant's hesitation

On one condition."

"That you let me repay the money I shall

Before my companion could speak again I hurried out of the room. As I went up the stairs to my own chamber I heard footetops near the outer door and the voice of Myra Foster saying:

"I wender where they all be?"

Mother had come home, and Myra had come with here.

with her.

I flereely locked my door. It would not be safe for that girl to come near me now. How could Bidwell Blake care for a girl like that?

The next instant I had forgotten her. I was gathering up Vane's letters. As my eyes caught his written words they seemed different to meremote in some strange way. It was as if we had suddenly been pushed apart. I was suffering and bewildered. Where was my Vane? My Vane could not have done this thing!

think Veil, I hink I do not keek to gard a gain. Miss Armetrons, you can regard our acquaintance as a slight episode in your life. Goodby." Goodby." Just audibly from me.

Vane lifted his hat with a slea movement. He walked away. His brindled dog followed him hestiatingly a few yards, paused, whine I under his breath, then came back to me.

I folded my arms on the fence rail, put my head down on them, and began to cry as if my heart were broken.

TO LEARN TO SING

The summer went on just as sweetly after this day as though it were assisting at some gay nuptials.

Mother and I were busy at the housework. 1 learned to milk, and I sent away the boy whom Bidwell had engaged to do our chores. I was young and strong, and I could do more work than Mother expostulated, but I would not listen to

her. I labored from morning until night, and the moment I laid myself on the bed I dropped into a dreamless sleep. But between 1 and 2, always at the same time, I woke with a start, and then I lay staring at the open window at the foot of my bed. Then I recalled every word that Vane had said

But, thank heaven, God has made his creature

But, thank heaven, God has made his creatures able to bear a great deal without going mad.

Sometimes I did not go to sleep again; sometimes I slept uneasily for an hour.

I knew that Mies Runciman watched me. Once she called me "brave girl," and once she said. "It will pass; everything passes."

But I made no reply to either of these remarks. I had nowling to say. Lotus followed me about, looking wistfully at my face.

I had immediately written to Vane. First. I wrote a long epistle, saying many things. That I promptly destroyed. Then I wrote this:

"Miss Runciman has just told me of your marriage to Olive Jewett. Please do not write to me again."

This I sent; and I tried to forget the date of my This I sent; and I tried to lorge the date in sending it, so that I might not think of the time when he would probably receive it. Even then I hated to hurt him. And like many other women in similar circumstances, I believed that he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had wronged and deceived me, but

That was fortunate, for I could not speak. Just then it was simply impossible for me to utter a word. Perhaps Miss Runciman perceived this, for she kept silence for a few moments. At last she spoke again.

"I'm not stratitaced. I'm not particularly strict," she began, "and perhaps I'm not shocked at things that would shock you, Billy; but I'm not going to try to justify Vane. Only let me say this: He used not to be a bad fellow. He had once believed I was his wife.

I trembled as I heard these last words. I wished that I might see clearly. There was a blackness over my vision. I passed my hand across my eyes. But I could not see.

There was nothing that I could do just now. I recall that I wished to rise and walk aways othat I might be by myselt, but I did not dare to move lest I might fall. Yes, all the time that Vane had been writing those letters he knew that I was not his wife.

And he must be aware that there was a chance of my being told of his former marriage. He might say that he would risk that chance.

But I could not follow out any train of thought—if I began coherently, my mind immediately became obscured, and like the mind of an insane person.

I longed to get away, but I still dared not rise.

In eimiliar circumstances, I believed that he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had done an evil thing, but he loved me. He had done he hereard to him the loved me. He had done beer. And, indeed, I was ho more reasonable in rearrance to him the loved me. He had done been. And, indeed, I was ho with an ordinary girl would have been. And, indeed, I was ho with at the loved me. He had done been. And, indeed, I was ho with an ordinary girl would have been. And, indeed, I was ho with at the loved me. He had done been. And, indeed, I was ho with an ordinary girl would have been. And, indeed, I was not with an ordinary

Once she caught my skirt as I was passing her couch. "You will learn to sing?" she exclaimed with her old imperiousness; "you are in earnest?"

her old imperiousness; "you are in carnest?"

I looked full in her eyes, my heart swelling as I answered:

"I am in earnest."

She sank back on the pillows.

"I see I can trust you." she returned. "Well, after all, the world will owe a great singer to my deed."

I went on out of the house. I burried, for I would try my voice. For the first time in weeks I would sing the scale. My heart began to beat at the mere thought of doing this.

I ran down the river patch, as the nearest way of escaping from interruption. I reached the bars, where I paused to recover my breath. Not since that marriage ceremony on the train had I been so stung with the longing to sing. That longing had lain partially dormant, but ready to be roused, and Miss Runciman had roused it.
I began the scale. Half-way through it Lotus,

roused it.

I began the scale. Half-way through it Lotus, who had come with me, made a dash in among the bushes. As he did so Vane parted the branches and came toward me.

I gave him one look that took in his haggard eyes, his pallor, his wretchedness; then I turned. I think I began to run. My one dominant feeling was that I dared not see him. In a moment my arm was caught. I vaguely saw the dog leaping and fawning upon his master, who did not notice him.

oot notice him.
"Are your running away from me?" asked
lane, savagely.
I stood on the instant, perfectly still.
"Yes," I answered.
He held my arm yet more closely.

"Do you dislike me so much?"

I made no answer. He did not repeat the question. He had dropped my arm and was looking intently at me. This I knew, though my eyes were lowered. "It was because I loved you so," he said sud-

Now I raised my eyes.
"You deceived me because you loved me so?"
I said. Yes. I was afraid, if I told you, you would

"Yes. I was afraid, if I told you, you would turn from me; and I hoped to arrange about a divorce—and there was Maverick—and it all came upon me in the train that if you could only think you were my wife I should feel secure, and I could arrange everything—everything—and I should not lose you. It was death, perdition, to think of losing you—my darling—my darling." Vane's voice was pitched low, and it thrilled upon the hot air almost as if it were a part of the beautiful day itself. And I knew that Vane's very soul was in his voice and words. But what had come over me? I was excited, but I was in a way unmoved. There was no answering, unreasoning thrill in my heart. And I was keenly thankful for that—yes, I could have gone on my knees then and there and thanked God that Vane's presence was not to me what I had thought it would be, not what I remembered it, not what his letters had been. Why? Ah, yes, why had the strange glamour gone from my eyes? Not because he had deceived me, surely.

When we were left alone Miss Runciman | for they tell me a woman will love the man who When we were left alone Miss Runciman moved still nearer to me. My suffering seemed to give her a flecting strength. She put her hand on my forehead for a moment. As she bent over me she looked keenly in my eyes.

"Let us have the whole story now," she said imperatively, "and if there is anything to be done I can see my way clearly to do it. Tell me all."

So I began, and I did tell her all hurriedly. It without a thought of keeping anything back. When I had finished she drew a long sient and gazing at me. At length I lifted my sient and gazing at me. At length I lifted my

silent and gazing at me. At length I lifted my

He burst into a loud laugh, that sounded horly in the stillness. It never occurred to me that you would tire

The never occurred to me that you would the me so soon," he exclaimed.
"I'm not tired of you," I answered.
"Who is it" he asked sharply.
"I don't know what you mean."
"Why, who has taken your fancy now?"
I zhrank away; his words seemed vulgar to

"No one."
A spasm of suffering crossed Vane's face. I suddenly leaned forward and took his hand.
"Oh. I don't understand it." I cried. "I thought I loved you, but, now I see you, something is different. I know you deceived me, and I supposed I must fight against my love, because I had no right to love you—but now I don't have to fight. Oh, how hard-hearted and strange you must think me!"
I could not bear to see the anguish in Vane's face. I had thought that he was the wretch, and now here I was feeling as if I were the sinning one instead of Vane.

and how here I was been and how here I was been along one instead of Vane.

"How strange you must think me!" I repeated feebly. "Indeed, I don't understand. But, Vane, our love was hopeless, you see, and you were wrong—so wrong."

"I tell you I could have arranged everything. I would have moved the world to be free of

I would have moved the world to be free of that woman," he began hurriedly, "but I know I was wrong. However, there is no need of ex-Planations."

He drew his hand from mine, and tried to hold himself erect. He turned and gazed off toward the falls. He was ashen in color, and his eyes looked hot and stained.

"You're sure there is no one else?"

"The sure."
"The I will go."
I spoke firmly. A spark of enthusiasm was in youl. But the next moment I thought it lied.

Before my companion could speak again I perament." he said.

could not bear to hear him try to speak

only that you are fickle, and that kind of ing. Well, I think I'll go back to England aln. Miss Armetons, you can regard our ac-

In two weeks from that time Miss Runchman and her husband had gone South; they took Bathshebn with them. Mether and I were on board a Cunard steamer. I was going to learn to sing. At the very last moment I changed my mind about Letus, and did not leave him with Ridwell, who had kindly offered to care for him. The dig was on board the boat. I wanted him. Mother was holding my arm closely, and we were locking at the wharf. The steamer had just started. Bidwell was waving his hat to us. A carriage came doshing over the planks—too inte. We saw Vane Hildreth jump from the carriage

helminy," the said, with sedemin carnestness, "I do hope, if you should ever so him, that you won't think you are in love with him assin."

THE SORROW OF DELICHT

Hy From Muclean Till death be filled with darkness And life be filled with delight. The sorrow of ancient surrows Shall be the Sorrow of Night: But then the serrow of sorrows Shall be the Sorrow of Delight.

Heart's loy must fale with surrow, For both are spring from clay: But the Joy that is one with Forrow, Treads an immortal was: Each hath in fee Tomorrow, And their soul is Yesterlay.

WHEN WE ARE PARTED.

By Hamilton Aide.

TO HIS LADY.

When you are very old, and by the candle's flame, Sitting beside the fire, you talk and spin and sing My songs o' nights, then you will say, half worder-

When those around thee hear this word, no serving dame. Of thine, aircady at her task half slumbering, But at the echo of my name awakening. With everlasting praiss shall rise and bless thy

But I, a formless ghost within the earth full deep, Beneath the myrtle shadows I shall be asleep; Whits thou before the fire art crouching, old and

gray,
Weeping for my lost love and for thy proud disdath.
Wait not the morrow, but live now, if thou wilt To hear me; pluck the roses of thy life to-day.

ROSE AND RUE.

By Alfred Perceval Graves.

When I was a maiden fair and fond,
And smilled and sang all day,
A strange young squire

With looks of fire,
He lured my heart away.

The gardener's son as he stood by Four gifts thus gave to me: The violets blue, The pink, the rue, And the red, red rosy tree.

"For your balmy lips the sweet clove pink.
For your eyes the violets blue,
The rose to speak
Your radiant cheek,
And for memory the rue."

And first my love was fond and leal, And then he turned untrue. My rose and pink And violets shrink, But my tears keep fresh the rue. WILD GEESE.

By Katherine Tynan. I have heard the curlow crying
On a lonely moor and mete;
And the sea-gull's shrick in the gloaming
is a lonely sound in the ear;
And I've heard the brown thrush mourning
For her children stolen away;
But it's O for the homeless Wild Geese
That sailed ere the dawn of day!

(A Lament for the Irish Jacobites.)

For the curlew out on the mooriand
Hath five fine eggs in the nest;
And the thrush will get her a new love
And sing her song with the best.
As the swallow files to the Summer
Will the gull return to the rea;
Eut never the wings of the Wild Geese
Will flash over seas to me.

And 'tis lil to be roaming, roaming,
With homesick heart in the breast!
And how long I've looked for your coming,
And my heart is the empty neat!
O sore in the land of the stranger
They'll pine for the land far away!
But day of Aughrim, my sorrow,
It was you was the bitter day!

By John Todhunter.

Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine,
Thou wild wind, bring,
Keen forest odors from that realm of thine,
Upon thy wing! O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind, Hlow through me, blow! Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind From long ago.

THE IMPROVED CLAQUER.

"BRAVOS" AND "ERAVAS" ON A NEW PLAN AT THE PARIS OPERA.

THE FRENCH SYSTEM OF HIRED APPLAUSE AND ITS FEEBLE HOLD UPON NEW-YORK ACTORS AND MANAGERS—THE CHEF DE CLAQUE AND HIS RESPONSIBLE POSITION.

Some persons who have attended the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House with regularity for the last season or two have noticed from time to time a sort of applause that did not seem to be natural or appropriate in that classic temple. This applause was full of zeal and included stormy hand-clapping and shouts of "Bravo! Bravo!" and now and then shouts of "Brava" or of "Bravi" such as are supposed to proclaim a superior operatic education. But if the men who became so heated in the passion for art were carefully looked for, it was found that they did not look like persons who had paid \$5 each to sit in their seats, and it was noted, too, that their applause was more likely to follow a particularly high and successful squall from an Italian singer than anything more finely and purely artistic. It even happened sometimes that these noises occurred just when the more selfcontained members of the audience wanted to hear the continuance of the muste.

Such incidents as these often lead persons who are annoyed by them to grumble "claque," and that, in this country, is regarded as a serious term of reproach. It is not the intention here to insinuate that there was a claque or to assert that there was not, but merely to remark that "they order this matter better in France." In Paris employed by the management are at least licensed by it, inform them by their applause what is to

And art in Paris, while it may look a trifle slow from the claque is trifling is a dangerous comil-

chef de claque is. He receives every day from plays bring him the seats to which they are enauthor that his play will not perish through the tickets to give away. They wish to be assured by them. The chef de claque promises them all this,

the leader and bestow his favorable judgment on such portions of the performance as are indicated to him. In this way it will readily be seen that

the directors. The directors can the point and decided on the change which has now been made. The chef de claque at the opera is now an employe of the management, a grave man and one to be trusted, and himself an artist. He does not have to govern the applause, which is in his heads by a prearranged programme, but he knows a good thing when he hears it, and forthwith applauds and leads others to applaud intelligently. He knows when he hears a singer sing better than he has ever sung before, and does not need to look at his list of cues to find that the singer was put down to sing better than he had ever sung before. Something like this, it appears, was the old way, and it is not hard to see what a gain to the performance the new way must be, if the applause must be all artificial in any case. The new chef de claque has thirty seats at his disposal, and he does not sell them. He gives them away to persons who, in his opinion, deserve them, and who will be able to help him intelligently and reverberantly. They are a good class of people, too, it is said; fallen in fortune, perhaps, but including among them doctors, lawyers, engineers and old musicians; persons who want to hear good music and who ought to hear it, but who cannot afford to pay for it. The chef de claque himself gets 500 francs a month for his services.

The change has brought out an amusing, but not unnatural, complaint. The people who used to buy tickets from the old chef de claque and encourage art by their greetings to its exponents say that they are ili-used in being no longer permitted to go to the opera at the old reduced rate. Their rights have been taken away from them, they say, and they seem verily to believe that the claque was instituted largely to allow them to enjoy more than they been taken away from them, they say, and they seem verily to believe that the claque was instituted largely to allow them to enjoy more than they are done the person who were used to doing their own apprending instead of having it done for them. At any rate,

A PROBLEM FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

The whole plan is a hard one for an American

the charge is made on a first night that the mana-ger or the author has employed a claque to make the play is making a bigger hit with the public than it really is. It is probable, however, that no more has been done in most cases than to give away a few tickets, the holders of which are good humored enough to contribute some signs of approval without prompting, and based upon their own more or less biased judgment. Some reason for a claque might indeed be seen on a first night, when it is particularly desired to make a favorable impression, but where the inspiration to an actor can be from applause which he knows is hired, and what influence such manifestations of approval can have on the public, when every coul of the public knows that the approval is paid for, are things that can be understood only in a the play is making a bigger hit with the public

country where they have long prevailed. Those who see many first-night performances here know that the applause of a first-night house means little or nothing, because there are so many friends of the author, the actors and the manager in the house, and because the whole audience, in most cases is so good-naturedly anxious to see a succers; but on the second night the author and the manager can tell pretty well whether the public likes the play or not. They may be disappointed in the result, but they want to know what the result is, and how could they know if they had themselves contracted and paid for just a certain amount of applause and had seen it delivered?

A FLORENTINE DESPOT.

THREE STORIES ABOUT DUKE ALEXAN-DER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

Among the officers of the Court was one filling the post of Chamberlain, to whom the Jude was much attached. This man had run up a long account for robes with a poor wool merchant, who, being unable to wait longer for his money, solicited payment. The Chamberlain put him off time after time, and at length told him he came too often, and was growing a nuisance. Still the merchant, who really needed his money, persevered, and after some months had passed in fulle efforts to gain his point, he took the advice of his friends, and went to the palace to seek audience of His Highness. The Duke, who was always accessible to any one of his subjects, listened to the merchant's riory, questioned him, and convinced himself of its truth. "Go home," he said; "send to the Chamberlain once more, asking for payment, and report the result to me." The merchant did as he was bld, but had to report only an insolent reply to his request.

report the variety of the port only an insolent reply to his request.

"Very well," said the Duke, "I will arrenge it for you." He sent the man away and let a few days pass. Then, choosing a favorable opportunity, when the Chamberlain was dreasing him, he began to caress him, patting him gently on the head, stroking his cheeks, and finally dropping his hand on the Chamberlain's neck, he took off a chain of great value, and turning to one of his pages, said: "Take this chain; carry it to the wool-merchant, and tell him to keep it carefully until our friend here pays him for the robes he has had." Then, in a meaning tone, he added to the Chamberlain: "You will oblige me very much by redeeming that chain with in eight days." And with that he went off hunting leaving his dishonest servant overwhelmed with

There was a certain citizen in Florence who had intracted a good many debts, not through mis ine, but through simple disinclination to pay, as very rich, but concealed that fact as much

ins citizen enter, "then you have not yet poor woman." "Oh. Signor, I am too put the reply. "Too poor!" broke in the wor poor! Then sell your farms in this place, so of corn in that, your olive trees and all

in his power to remove the districts which was opperssing so good a man. The merchant had hooked his dist, but he was too clever to bring him to land at once. So he returned evasive at swers, assumed a semidance of gayety, and even told his felend one or two rointiess little stories which the old man know quite well aiready. By these devices varied by occasional relapses into deep melancinely, as worked up his friend's curtosity to the highest pitch, and when he judged the proper motioner to have come, he declared, he was half dead with anxiety about his business, being afraid that he would have to close his shop and accept disgrace. Some the second of the shop and accept disgrace. Some the second had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the remainder to stand over refrequents and had left the head over the head of his shop there was a broken plant of despair, goosip," he said. "God will not desert you. Stay here until I return." He ran off to the house and came back with a bag, in which was the greater part of the money which he had obtained from the sale of his shop. There was a broken plant standing near, and on it the old man counted out 450 scand, saying: "Take them for six or eight months at your convenience." He knew his old friend to well to ask for a recept, such formalities were not necessary where both parties trusted each other, and had been shad to be an

It pays to buy at Vantine's

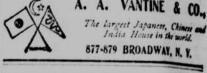


Sligh life in Japan. We import these parasols see cially for seaside, mountain and summer resort use generally.

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THE PASSING OF A SUPERSTITION.

SAILORS ARE RECOMING RECONCILED TO THE PRESENCE OF A DEAD BODY ABOARD SHIP THAT IS, THE OPAINT-SCRUB-

BERS" ARE. One of the popular superstitions of sationnes used to be against having a dead body aboard ship, but it no longer holds good-on passenger ships at least-for most of them are now provided with the means of preserving the body of a person who dies ally done by incasing the body in an airlight meclass passenger vessel, and there is seiden a murmur from "Jack." Steam and other modern im-provements have worked as many charges in sailormen as they have in the vessels they man, and in consequence the old-time salt, with his superstiff ing before the advance of his less remantic and no

more efficient brother. col man. "I shall have to stay here forever," "On contrary," said the Duke calcular "I am now my to mass, if I feet you here when I return, be sured that I will have you." The Puke departed, a quite able to keep his word, sent in post-hasic roone of his friends, who succeeded in telling out to money due to the which gust before the Duke unnel." The fine old ships, barks and other sailing craft. sets, which he ascribed to the rapidly gowing habit of building enormous steam freight carriers. "The fine old ships, banks and other salling craft se violence," observes Mannini, "would not are going, and in place of real sallormen you see a answered with one so pig-headed." much superstition as a goat! They don't care much whether the cargo is dead bodies or pigiron."

whether the cargo is deal bodies or pigron."

In the old days the presence of a corpse aboard was considered bound to bring storms and other bad luck, and even now on sailing vessels an immediate burial over the side is the proper thing when a death occurs if the skipper cares to keep the forecastie in good humar. On the big steamships, carrying hundreds of passengers each trip, a death is no uncommon thing, and if there are friends of the dead person aboard they are likely to have the body brought to port. It has become a common custom, too, to ship the bodies of persons who have died abroad home by steamship, and on several occasions small mortuary chapels have been constructed aboard. Otherwise the coffus are constructed aboard. Otherwise the coffins are

ship's cargo.

The skipper already quoted told of one of the many examples of the sallor's superstition of the The skipper already quoted told of one of the many examples of the sailor's superstition of the subject that had come under his observation. A friend of his was a few years ago commanded his clipper ship ensaged in the South Americal trade. He was a kindly man, and sailors were always glad to ship with him, not only because the not being a hard taskimaster, but also because his highest encomium "Jack" can promune upon stipper or vessel. On his last veyage the captain was bound from callao for Antwerp with a care of fertilizer. He feel sick and deel soon after passing the Horn. His body was prepared and boxed, and placed below in the deplits of the care. The first mate, who succeeded to the command, was not the best of sailors or popular with the crew. Head winds and takes were envolved in rapid succession, and the grambling of the men soon broke out into almost open mutny. It was the presence of that body in the hold of the ship that was causing all the frouble, and it must be sort ide of. The men went aft and so informed the mate, and then without ceremony heavel the body of their late captain over the side. Whether the weather late captain over the side. Whether the past when the grether, would be things of the past when the grether would be things of the past when the past when the captain over the side.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

From The Buffalo Courier.

"The theer is eating the stationmaster. Wire incurrence on the structions." This is the form of a message which commander Booth-Tucker, in one of his stories, saye was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at an Indian was dispatched by a telegraph boy at a telegraph boy a



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